

The Philadelphia Record

after a career of over twenty years of uninterrupted growth is justified in claiming that the standard first established by its founders is the one true test of

A Perfect Newspaper.

To publish ALL THE NEWS promptly and succinctly and in the most readable form, without elision or partisan bias; to discuss its significance with frankness, to keep AN OPEN EYE FOR PUBLIC ABUSES, to give besides a complete record of current thought, fancies and discoveries in all departments of human activity in its DAILY EDITIONS of from 10 to 14 PAGES, and to provide the whole for its patrons at the nominal price of ONE CENT—that was from the outset, and will continue to be the aim of "THE RECORD."

The Pioneer

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The Daily and Sunday

editions together, which will give its readers the best and freshest information of all that is going on in the world every day in the year, including holidays, will be sent for \$4.00 a year or 35 cents per month.

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MANKIND.

Some men use the deep ministerial tone of voice in talking of everything from expansion to the buttons of their underwear.

Every woman has a vague idea that all her husband does every day is to open his office, read, smoke and count his money.

Old men go to a great deal of trouble dyeing their mustaches, considering that they fool neither women nor death.

A man can forget that a woman is homely when he meets her at a dinner table quicker than anywhere else in the world.

If a young man takes a girl sleigh-riding he has a right to demand that she hold his hands when they get home, to thaw them out.

Every time a girl visits at a house the men folks are kept in a dazed condition trying to figure out how she got so many clothes into one little trunk.

After a man has taken a girl to a theatre as often as six times, and called upon her with chocolates in his pocket, she begins to see a resemblance in him to her favorite hero in a novel.

A silk skirt makes no impression on the men. An Atchison woman says that when a woman rustles in going into a store she gets no more attention from the men clerks than a woman who doesn't rustle, but that the women clerks are very attentive.

WANTED.

A pair of suspenders for the breeches of promise.

A barber to shave the face of the earth.

A dentist to work on the jaws of death.

Sea horses to feed from the trough of the sea.

A few seeds from the flower of speech.

A pen that will write with inky darkness.

A pair of corsets for the waist of time.

A mosquito-bar for the bed of the ocean, and another for the cradle of the deep.

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Coughs,
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Bronchitis and Incipient
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CURE**

The GERMAN REMEDY
Cures throat and lung diseases.
Sold by all druggists. 25¢, 50¢.

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MY GIRL.

Her bright blue eyes, her golden hair, Her charming features all so fair Entranced my heart.

Her winning ways, so debonaire, Her "witching" smiles, her saucy stare Through me did dart.

And then I wondered, could it be That such a prize was meant for me; I scarce could realize.

So, fearful! trembling with dismay, My fortune at her feet I lay, And plead with deep emotion.

I waited then—'twixt hope and fear; She spoke so low I scarce could hear, I was in such commotion.

And blushing, she gave her sweet consent; Modestly her eyes to ground were bent, And now I was content.

Young men, I say, go all the same; Life without wife is all too tame, And weary years misspent.

NOT GUILTY.

The famous Lambton diamond threw back the light from its many facets and strange, brilliant colors shot from its depths. It was the finest stone I had ever set in my life.

The ring, now that it was finished, was fit to adorn the hand of Lady Gwendolen Forrest, the beauty and heiress of the season. But I did not envy young Lord Lambton his fiancée; and as pretty as any in the land.

I was about to take the ring to Mr. Nugent when Nell herself ran in. She was my employer's daughter, and his house was upstairs over the large show-room in Clifford street. It was in my own Nell I had a girl as good against all custom for Nell to come down to my workshop, for her father disapproved our engagement. But today she had not been able to resist the temptation of having a peep at the Lambton diamond.

Just as she had slipped it on her finger, and was dancing about twisting her hand, that the marvelous stone might catch the light, the door opened and Mr. Nugent entered. I prepared to defend Nell from a harsh reprimand, but none came. Her father appeared oddly preoccupied, merely took the ring from her, examined it earnestly, and, snapping the lid of the case down upon it, placed it in his pocket and walked away.

Next day I was sitting at work when I saw a hansom drive up and Lord Lambton jump out. He came hastily into the show-room, which adjoined the one where I was sitting, and where Mr. Nugent was.

"Scoundrel!" I heard him say, and could scarcely believe my ears. "You thought to fool me easily by a false stone; but I am as good a judge of jewels as you are. You are a thief, sir! What have you done with the diamond I intrusted to you?"

I sat still. I understood very well that Lord Lambton had deliberately accused my employer of trying to palm off upon him an imitation diamond, yet I knew that I had set the true stone and delivered it to Mr. Nugent only yesterday.

My employer himself was a skilled workman, though not a good designer, and in the time that had elapsed between my handing him the ring and his transferring it to the owner he could have removed the stone and replaced it by another.

As I thus speculated on the astounding accusation, Mr. Nugent himself opened the door of the workshop. He looked keenly at me, as if wondering if it would be safe to trust me.

"Did you hear anything of what passed in the next room?" he questioned.

I admitted that I had. "Of course, I shall be triumphantly acquitted," he announced, clearing his throat huskily as he spoke. "Still, Lord Lambton can make things disagreeable. And look here, Wade, I haven't always been as friendly to you as I might, but I can trust you. You'll be an important witness. Do what you can for me, for the girl's sake."

I was given no time to answer, for at that moment Lord Lambton returned with two Scotland Yard men. My employer was given into custody and taken to the police station to be charged, the detectives remaining to search the premises.

Mr. Nugent being a widower, with only one child, the management of the business practically devolved on me, and as the detectives ransacked the place, they put many questions to me as to where the stones were kept. The safes were all pointed out to them, but they seemed disappointed with their operations.

Late in the evening they came to me in the workshop, and holding out the ring that I had made for Lord Lambton, one of them said:

"This is your work, we understand. Is that the stone you set?"

I glanced at it, but I only replied: "I don't call myself an expert in precious stones, and all I can say is that this one precisely resembles in size, shape and appearance the one given me to set."

While this statement was practically true, that one glance had been enough to show me that I was not looking at the Lambton diamond.

I was about to lock up the place for the night, when Nell came in. It was the first time she had let me see her since her father had been taken away.

"There's something I must say to you," she panted—"something I've been wild to say all day lest it should be too late, but I dared not let any one suspect. A month ago father confided to me that he had lost a great deal of money—and he showed me how to open a secret drawer in his Chippen-

dale bureau. 'If ever anything happens to me,' he said, 'don't lose a moment, but look into this drawer; throw away everything that you will find in the left-hand partition, and keep what may be in the right.'"

Together we ransacked the old bureau, and at length Nell touched the spring which opened the secret drawer. The light of the candle which I held struck out a gleam from a pile of exquisitely made false stones, which lay in a partition on the left hand, while on the right was the Lambton diamond.

"My poor father," she moaned, as I held her. "He is ruined forever—and I, too. The daughter of a convicted thief is no fit wife for an honest man."

"My darling! You are a wife for a king, and as for your father, I swear to you that I will save him yet."

Even as I spoke an idea had flashed into my head which startled me by its audacity. In a moment I had thought out every detail.

I made up the stones, Lambton diamond and all, into a packet, carefully closing the secret drawer, and contriving to get away without being seen, and went straight to my brother's house in Kent, managing to avoid the service of a subpoena. Thus I was not present at the police court proceedings.

Mr. Nugent was committed for trial, and meanwhile I stayed in the country, working each night in my locked room, with the tools I had brought under my closed shutters.

When I saw my old employer in the dock at the trial I was shocked at the ghastly change which had come over him.

The evidence at first went steadily against him. Lord Lambton swore that the stone in the ring delivered to him by Mr. Nugent's own hand was not his diamond. One expert testified that not only was the stone he now saw not the Lambton diamond, but not a genuine jewel at all, but a marvelous imitation. Another was not so positive. Indeed, he was not prepared to swear that it was false.

Then I went into the box. I was very cool now, for the game I had determined on had cost me many a quail of conscience. But I had no intention of cheating Lord Lambton, swearing falsely or tarnishing my personal honor.

The preliminary question of the prosecuting counsel brought out the fact that I had designed the ring's setting, and done all the work upon it.

"What sort of stone was it your employer gave you to set?" was the next question.

"An extremely valuable white diamond," I replied.

"Do you swear that you set the genuine stone, and delivered the ring when finished to the prisoner?"

"I do."

"Do you consider it possible that that stone might have been taken out and an imitation one substituted?"

"Certainly. But I could tell whether the ring had been tampered with since it left my hands."

"Take this then, examine it, and inform the court if that is the stone you set."

The ring was handed to me and a hush fell upon the court. The kind of lull which denotes that a vital point in a case has been reached.

I put my hand in my waistcoat pocket for my jeweler's glass, and the sharpest eye could not have seen that I also drew forth a new ring, made in the secret hours of night—an exact counterpart of the other, save that it contained the real Lambton diamond.

At length I returned the glass to my pocket, and with it the ring with the false stone. I could hear my own heart beating, but, handing to the court usher the new ring, said firmly in reply to the snappish "Well?" of the prosecuting counsel:

"I swear unhesitatingly that the setting of this ring has not been tampered with, and that this is the genuine diamond which was given me to set."

The doubting expert pricked up his ears, the prosecuting counsel, with Lord Lambton and the treasury solicitor, were whispering over the ring.

"M'lord," said the counsel, "I ask permission to recall the expert."

I stepped out of the box and the expert stepped in. The new ring was put into his hand, a friendly ray of sunshine lighting up the jewel.

"This is very remarkable," he said at last. "It's the first time I have ever made a mistake. This stone is genuine. I cannot doubt it."

"And so the prisoner was free; but when the verdict of 'Not guilty' was pronounced, a faint groan echoed it, and a dead man was taken from the dock. A spasm of the heart had proved fatal.

Six months later Nell and I were married. On our honeymoon we were walking in a lane near Liffcombe when we came face to face with Lord Lambton, who was stopping with his bride in a neighboring country house.

"Ah, Mr. Wade!" he exclaimed. "I haven't seen you since that very mysterious case of mine. Do you know, I have always since thought of you as—a very—clever man?"

"Thank you," I said quietly. "Will you allow me, my lord, to present you to my wife—the only daughter of the late Mr. Nugent."

Lord Lambton raised his hat, looked keenly at pretty Nell, shook hands with us both, and murmured:

"Ah, I understand!"

Paper Sails for Ships.

A process has been discovered by which sails of vessels of all kinds can be made out of paper pulp, and it is claimed that they serve quite as well as canvas, and are very much cheaper. They swell and flap in the wind like the genuine old-fashioned article, and are supposed to be untearable.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

No Wonder the Editor Was Stunned With Surprise.

The country journalist, having concluded his work of devil, printer, book-keeper, job printer, reporter, editor, press hand, mailing clerk, solicitor, compositor, and ad solicitor for the day, had sat down to study out what string to pull to get enough money to meet a note of \$14.38 coming due next Saturday, when a man he did not know came into the office and sat down without being asked to do so. For a minute he looked around the place and at the presiding spirit of it before he spoke.

"You are," he said, slowly, "the proprietor of this establishment, and it is a newspaper office?"

"And this is your product?" he said, holding up the week's issue. "A newspaper?"

"Yes."

"The herald of a noisy world?" said the visitor dreamily.

"Yes."

"The million-fold multiple of thought?"

"Yes."

"The hasty record of the world's affairs?"

"Yes."

"The molder of public opinion?"

"Yes," said the journalist, looking worried.

"Man's daily doings done in ink?"

"Yes."

"The richest treasures of the art preservative of artists?"

"Yes."

"The Archimedean lever that moves the universe?"

"Yes," and by this time the editor was getting ready to escape by the window.

"And all for a dollar a year," said the visitor, still in that dreamy tone, as he let his soft blue eye fall over the page. "It's a darn shame," he went on, going down into his pocket, "here's two dollars, and I'll send you in a cord of wood and a bushel of apples and four gallons of cider next week."

Then he got up and went out without so much as saying "good-by" and the editor gazed stupidly at the two-dollar bill on his knee.

A Drama of To-Day.

Dobson—What are you cast for in the new play?
Jobson—I'm engaged to play a notorious thief.



Dobson (catching sight of his own pet umbrella)—Ah, that will suit you to a "T!"

Swift Retribution.

There was a wicked loer in Mending Mike's eye as he saw the little girl coming out of the restaurant side door, carrying a small tin pail.

"The idea," he exclaimed to his comrade, "of encouraging such luxuries in the young!"

"It's our duty to stop it," was the rejoinder.

Before the little girl could turn the corner the tramp loomed up before her and exclaimed:

"I'm sorry, lady, but I couldn't see ye carryin' dat pail any further. It's agin me gallantry."

The little girl began to cry. Mike seized the bucket and in a moment had the bottom of it pointed toward the blue sky. The effect was volcanic. Foam flew in all directions. His one ejaculation solved the mystery:

"Soap suds!"

And when the restaurant proprietor came out and desired to know why his children could not blow soap bubbles without being interfered with, the victim of poetic justice had not a word to say.

Woman's Way.

Mrs. Triggs—"Oh, dear, did you ever hear of such luck! Mr. Wagsley has made me a present of a vase that must have cost at least \$30. But that's the way it always goes! Bad luck comes when you're hard up and can least afford to face it."

Mr. Triggs—"I don't understand you. Why should this beautiful present make you talk about bad luck and being hard up?"

Mrs. Triggs—"Why, you shall think, don't you see that I shall have to give her something in return which will cost at least \$5 more?"

No Good Without It.

"Can you tell me, my friend," said the gentleman to the keeper of the camel, "what the hump on that camel's back is for?"

"What's it for?"

"Yes, of what value is it?"

"Well, it's lots of value. The camel wouldn't be no good without it."

"Why not?"

"Why not? Yer don't suppose people 'ud pay sixpence to see a camel without a hump, do yer?"

Why He Painted.

"Say, Weary, there're gettin' so much gold on hand in th' United States treasury that th' officials is gettin' scared."

"You bet it would scare me, too. Why, dern it all, I nearly fainted away last week when I seen a dime lying in th' gutter. What do you suppose would come over me if I saw a whole dollar?"

As It May Be.

"What do you think of that prize-fighter's style of fighting?"

"Well," replied the expert, "his grammar is very good, but his metaphors are very crude and ill-chosen."

A ROUGH RIDER.

Half the settlement was at the cabin when the doctor came for his daily visit a crowd around when he approached the bed, where a white sheet set itself stiffly over all that had required his ministrations. Bud Wilson, entering down from the Hill range, caught sight of the unusual throng and flung his horse's head up sharply by the side of the house.

"—the racket?" he asked of one of the men standing by. "Some one hurt?"

"Jim McMillan's baby's dead."

Bud Wilson was a handsome fellow. He sat a horse superbly and rolled cigarettes to perfection, bending them in the Mexican way. In the surprise of the announcement he rolled one now, placing the wisp of paper on theommel of his saddle while he poured the tobacco into it. After a meditated whiff or two that burned the paper half down to his fingers he threw his cigarette away, and swinging down from his saddle tossed his bridle over the nearest fence post and walked back to the door as softly as his high-heeled boots and swaddling gaiters "chaps" permitted.

Bud Wilson at one time had been very attentive to Lizzie McMillan before she was Lizzie McMillan. Certain of the range people had said "it would sure be a match," but Billy Howe, Bud's most intimate friend in the round-up gang, had prophesied that 'ye wouldn't rope Bud for no such matter yet,' and they had not.

The door was pulled open at the newcomer's knock. He paused a moment on the threshold, then walked in with bowed head and stood looking down at the figure in the little white coffin, holding his broad sombrero in both hands, with its heavy row of buckles glinting around the crown.

While he stood there the mother, whose silence had at last found voice, sat in the adjoining room looking over the empty field. She was crooning to herself softly:

"Yes, my pore child's gone. But it's better off—Ah know it. Ah'd never brought it up right. Ah'm sinful an' worldly, an' Ah'd 'a' brought it up to layne an' all such things. Ah know Ah would. Ah'm not fit to have a child, so weak an' sinful, an' God has aken it back now, an' he might not 'a' he'd stayed with me an' growed up like me."

She sat by the kitchen window, her look on as though she were about to go out, and swayed softly back and forth, her fine head and figure making a superb silhouette against the square of light behind her.

"But Ah cayn't bear to think of yer lyin' out there in th' rain an' snow."

It was only Summer 'n' it was green an' there was flowers—but to be out there—Ah cayn't bear to think about it. Oh, Ah cayn't!"

Wilson stood looking down at the child while she spoke, not once raising his head. Then he turned and went out as quietly as he had come in.

"What's she sayin' bout flowers, Bill?" he asked of one of the men on the outside, indicating the direction of the mother with a twist of his brows.

"Liz? Oh, nothing." She's picked out her place for the grave out there on the knoll by the river, where she can see it from the window, and she wants o have some flowers there some time."

"So she's cryin' for flowers," Wilson nodded. "Let's see. No up train till 5 o-morrow, and that's too late. I'll to it. D—n me if I don't!"

The funeral service was not elaborate. The one minister at Table Rock, who was also the carpenter, came over for the occasion. There was a hymn by jarring voices, a chapter from the Bible, read while the men, for the most part, crowded bareheaded around the open door or tramped heavily over the faded flower beds that lined the red wall with a starved stubble of greenery—portulaca, sweet-william and bachelor's-button—the Springtime eaching out of some soul toward the beautiful, now become, as everything aust, but the setting for the common ragged. Once, while the service was under way, an ore train went pounding by with a sudden rattle and clatter of wheels.

After the service four of the men carried the coffin to the place where he grave had been hollowed out on the bluff above the river. The sagebrush grew thickly on the sides of the slope, with an occasional yucca lifting its spired blades. There was quite a steep ascent for a dozen yards or more, and the men who were carrying the coffin had to watch their steps. As they reached the top of the rise the leader started, then went on amid a low murmur of surprise.

The yellow mound of newly turned earth had disappeared under the dazzling bank of flowers—roses, carnations, lilies—a little browned at the edges in the chill air, but white and glorious still in the morning light, and hiding its one came up the slope, even the aged edge of the grave itself.

No one knew whether they came, and he minister, taking advantage of the wonder, wore into his final words a reference to that promise of Him who said, "I will give you beauty for ashes."

Bud Wilson rode home with his ousin Medie after the funeral. "You're comin' long over to stay to-night, ain't you?" she had asked. "Yes, I'll go over and sleep, he had answered, and then felt her eyes upon him as he had tramped along ahead of her horse o where he had left his own animal at some distance from the station.

"You must've been ridin' that horse pretty hard, Bud," she began.

"Yes, I have rid her a little," he answered.

"You brought them flowers, too," she went on after a moment.

He did not answer. Another pause, broken only by the irregular clump of the horses' feet.

"Say, Bud," she broke in suddenly, "why didn't you marry that girl?"

"I dunno. I s'pose it was because I wanted to tear round with the boys. She's the only girl I ever loved, an' '—to be sure—'I guess I've been going to the devil ever since."

They went on in silence in the growing dusk, each thinking of the things had but not shape themselves to the tongue. As they paused to dismount before the gate Bud drew up to his ousin.

"Say, Medie, don't say anything about them flowers, will you?"

Letter from a Woman

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy frequently cures several members of a family. While it is considered by many to be a Kidney and Bladder Medicine, it is just as certain to cure Dyspepsia, Constipation, Rheumatism, Scrofula and Eczema. This is because it first puts the Kidneys in a healthy condition, so they can sift all impurities from Healthy blood practically means a completely healthy body.

Here is a letter from Mrs. CAPT. PETER RACE, of N. Y.: "My husband was troubled with his kidneys, fearfully with shooting pains through his back. He took Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, and is now well and strong. Although seventy years of age, he is as hearty as a man many years younger. I was so troubled with Dyspepsia that it was painful for me to walk. My food did me no good, as my stomach could not digest it. Somebody recommended Favorite Remedy to me, and after taking two bottles of it I was completely cured, and am feeling splendid now. We both attribute our good health to Favorite Remedy."

It is prescribed with unfailing success for Nerve Troubles, and for the Liver and Blood it is a specific. It has cured many that were beyond the aid of other medicine. Ask your druggist for it, and insist upon getting it. Don't take a substitute. It will cost you \$1.00 for a regular full-sized bottle.

the blood, Hudson, and suffered took Dr.